

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play  
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# FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1872.

NO. 14.

#### Selected Miscellany.

[Original.]

##### ULISSES S. GRANT.

BY A GREELEY DEMOCRAT.

In politics I never mix.  
Considering them a fetter,  
But what I say, I never may  
Forswear of it a letter.

Ulysses Grant is on a slant.  
His misdeeds stink to heaven;  
The kindred band misrule the land,  
And cousin ninety-seven.

They suck, I throw, the public cow  
Till emptied is her udder.  
While Uncle Sam pays for the ham  
And serves their bread and butter.

Grant smokes the weed while old boss  
Twosd  
Plays hooky with the treasure;  
And side by side stalk Sin and Pride,  
Corruption, Crime and Pleasure.

If U. S. Grant be packing sent  
To Spain or St. Domingo,  
We would be glad to keep his dad  
And relatives by Jingo!

#### The Railroad Fiend.

Henry Jones, the son of a poor  
widow, residing at D—, was what  
was usually termed a bad boy.

His mother had taken every pains  
to bring him up in the way he should  
go; but Henry, hating school and  
books, would associate with evil com-  
panions, who soon made him as bad  
as they.

Nevertheless, he loved his mother  
dearly; and that love might be termed  
the one green spot in his otherwise  
obscure heart. Often her tears  
and supplications, her gentle voice and  
manner, would draw from him a  
promise to reform, but, alas, his weak  
nature could not resist the tempter,  
when the latter again came in his  
way.

To steal apples from some orchard,  
to stone cats and dogs, to go off and  
get drunk, even at the early age of  
thirteen, were the pleasures of this  
lad, who should, instead, have been  
fitting himself for some respectable  
position in the world.

Thus he grew to nineteen—a  
rough, cruel-hearted fellow, over  
whom no person could exert the least  
influence, except his mother, and she  
only while he was in her presence.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jones had made  
the acquaintance of a worthy widow  
lady named Mrs. Canton, who had a  
lovely daughter, Annie Canton, one  
of the sweetest of her sex.

Annie was just sixteen years old,  
and well might have been termed the  
belle of the village.

When she walked she seemed rather  
to skim over the grass and flowers  
than to tread on them, and to hear  
her speak was to hear the richest  
music that ever greeted mortal ear.

About the middling size of a woman,  
her form, with its hollow back, round-  
ed waist, sloping shoulders, and  
queenly bearing, was unrivaled in its  
graceful proportions. Her eyes were  
a dark brown, and full of ever-varying  
expression, her hair, falling in rip-  
pling clusters, was black and shining,  
her feet and hands small and plump.

In course of time Henry Jones was  
introduced to this bewitching crea-  
ture, and from the moment he saw  
her he knew no peace of mind.

She exerted such an influence over  
him that he became more gentle in  
his manners, and was otherwise im-  
proved, as rough men always are by  
mingling with the pure and virtuous  
of the other sex.

Unfortunately, however, Henry  
mistook Annie's kind and friendly  
demeanor toward him for the mark  
of a deeper sentiment. He magni-  
fied all her acts by the mirror of his  
own strong feelings, and felt sure  
she would consent to be his wife,  
when he would fix upon some em-  
ployment which would bring him in  
a good salary.

A woman is quick to read such  
thoughts in a man. She can see  
them at once, where one of his own  
would fail to perceive the slightest  
sign in this respect.

Annie read Henry at once as she  
would an open book, and she felt  
deeply grieved; for she was not one  
to exult in awakening such senti-  
ments when she could give nothing  
but friendship and good will in re-  
turn.

She longed for an opportunity to  
let him know the true state of her

heart; but how could she do this ex-  
cept by her actions? And Henry  
was so blind—so self-conceited, in  
fact, that coldness, construed by him  
into mere, unadvised reserve, only  
urged him on the more ardently.

One day when he called to see  
Annie, in the evening, he found a  
handsome, noble young man seated  
by her side near the cottage window.  
He was speaking to her earnestly,  
and Annie, with her hands clasped  
upon her lap, a pretty blush mantling  
over her lovely cheeks, and her long  
lashes lowered, sat listening to him,  
evidently with pleased interest.

A third person, how stupid soever  
he might be, could have seen at once  
that this young man was the master  
of the little heart keeping more than  
time with every word he uttered; but  
Henry, rough animal that he was,  
could not or would not be thus im-  
pressed. Annie, in much confusion,  
finally, perceiving that Jones was de-  
termined not to retire, rose and intro-  
duced the stranger as Mr. Barker.

The latter partly extended his  
hand.

"Am I glad to know any friend of  
Miss Canton," he said.

"Never saw you before," answered  
Jones, rather gruffly. "Guess you're  
a stranger up hereaway."

"You are right, sir, I came up here,  
a few days ago, as Superintendent of  
the D— railroad, and hope to re-  
main here for sometime."

"Hope you will, as you might find  
something for me to do on one of the  
engines. I always took a notion to  
that sort of thing."

"I will be glad to do all I can for  
you, sir," replied Mr. Barker, kindly.

"Will you, though? Well, now  
that's square, anyhow."

"Miss Canton was speaking to me  
before you came in, on this very sub-  
ject."

"War she? Well, she knows what  
I like well enough by this time; at  
any rate she ought to, as I've told  
her more about my prospects than  
any other human being, except my  
mother."

"I am glad to hear it."

Annie turned pale, for the glance  
Jones directed toward her was full of  
ardent fire; a look which in him she  
had never liked.

Finally Mr. Barker, having busi-  
ness which required his presence at  
a certain place before nine o'clock,  
rose and departed.

Jones went also, bidding the Super-  
intendent not to forget to speak a  
good word for him to the railroad  
men, as he had experience on steam  
engines, having often officiated in  
that capacity, in place of a friend of  
his who was sometimes ill.

Mr. Barker promised he would do  
all in his power, and the two sepa-  
rated.

The result of Mr. Barker's inter-  
est in Jones' favor was the obtaining  
of a good situation, on one of the lo-  
comotives, for the youth.

The latter did not now find so  
much time to call on Annie. He was  
therefore much surprised when one  
morning he heard from his mother  
of the young lady's marriage with  
Mr. Barker.

"What did you say, mother? Mar-  
ried! married!" exclaimed Henry,  
gnashing his teeth and speaking in a  
voice as shrill as the whistle of his  
own locomotive. "Do you mean  
that?"

His eyes blazed like coals of fire,  
and his sooty face, fresh from his  
work, resembled that of a demon.  
Mrs. Jones fairly drew back, shud-  
dering at his fearful aspect, although  
he was her own son.

But when she saw tears driving  
down his begrimed cheeks, she clasp-  
ed him in her arms.

"My son, my poor boy!"

"I don't want any of your pity,  
mother. I don't want anybody's  
pity; for I am wild—I am wild!"

"Henry, O Henry! Why, I never  
dreamed of this; she never gave you  
encouragement, I am sure!"

"Didn't she? O, no! She didn't  
smile on me and show she was glad  
when I visited her, oh? Why she it  
was who got me my situation?"

"A friend she certainly was to you,  
my dear boy; but your ignorance of  
woman made you think more of it.  
O, Henry, my poor boy, had I fore-  
seen this I would have opened your  
eyes."

"Curse him! curse him! curse  
him! curse her! Curse them all!"  
screamed Henry.

"Be calm, my boy, my boy!"

"No, I will never be calm again.  
This thing has ruined me. I would  
like to trample his brown head under  
my feet. I would like to tie a stone  
to her neck and throw her into the  
sea!"

"Hush talk not so. I expect them  
here every moment to say good-by to  
fore starting on their tour, and they  
may overtake you. They will take  
the eight o'clock train to-morrow  
night."

Henry started. He walked to the  
window and sat down, all at once  
growing strangely calm.

He sat there, looking out upon the  
driving rain, the shaking trees, and  
the broad river, lashed by the tem-  
pest; for it was a stormy day.

Would his mother believe her eyes?  
When he turned his face toward her  
again there was a smile upon it.

He rose, washed his face and hands  
and combed his hair. Then he got a  
book and sat down by his mother's  
knee.

"I knew you would get over it,"  
she said, stroking his hair. "You have  
your father's fortitude, your father's  
will, my brave boy."

Again that smile upon his face.

It was like white lightning stream-  
ing over a black tree.

"Ha! ha! mother; how you talk!"

"There are other girls in our vil-  
lage who would be glad to have you."

She put her hand upon his brow.

It was clammy and as cold as ice.

"We will speak of her no more. I  
must not see them when they come."

This was just what Mrs. Jones de-  
sired.

"So I will go out for a walk," he  
continued.

"What in this storm?"

"Yes, in this storm."

He was gone in a moment. She  
saw him hurrying along, wrapped in  
his great overcoat, toward the woods,  
through which ran the railroad.

She watched him until he was out  
of sight, then busied herself making  
preparations for tea, that she might  
have a good supper for him when he  
should come back.

He did not come. The newly-wed-  
ded pair visited her, and went away.  
Evening came, but with it no  
Henry.

Mrs. Jones passed a sleepless night.  
Next day she went to the railroad  
office and made inquiries, as it was  
now Henry's turn to be at his post.

But the young man had not been  
seen, and his employers had engaged  
another hand—a poor, but worthy  
man, who had applied often, of late  
for a situation.

"Alas!" thought Mrs. Jones; "can  
it be that my boy has destroyed him-  
self?"

She searched the village through  
and through; without finding him;  
then she concluded that he had gone  
off to N—, a town at the other  
terminus of the railroad, to which he  
had been in the habit of repairing  
"to see the sights," as he termed  
them.

She was right. Henry had gone  
to N—.

He there remained until seven  
o'clock.

Then he walked about four miles  
along the track, and, glancing round  
him to make sure that he was not ob-  
served, he loosed one of the rails!

There was death in that loosened  
rail!

Heaven help the poor wretches  
who should be made the victims of  
such fiendish wickedness!

Henry's face showed no expression  
of regret at what he had done, as he  
ensconced himself in a thick mass of  
shrubby, fifty yards from the spot.

That same terrible smile his mother  
had seen was again upon his face.

His eyes, meanwhile, glowed like  
coals, his lips were white with wrath,  
his face was almost black.

"What if others do perish?" mut-  
tered this railroad fiend, "so long as  
they two are among them. The  
bridal tour? Ho! ho! it will be a  
short and a fiery one!"

The locomotive whistle sounded in  
the distance. On came the train.

It struck the loosened rail! There  
was a crash, a horrible scream—flame  
and blinding smoke, flying fragments  
of wood grinding wheels, all blended  
into one great mass of ruin, in the  
midst of which were the torn and  
mangled bodies of the victims!

Some of the passengers, however,  
escaped.

Henry uttered a smothered yell,  
when he saw, from his cover, the  
newly-married couple, Mrs. and Mr.  
Barker, safe and sound, with the ex-  
ception of a few insignificant bruises!

And so he had sacrificed all the  
others for nothing! he gnashed his  
teeth and stamped upon his hat in his  
rage.

But who is that they drew forth  
from the ruins—a dead, mangled bod-  
dy, with the face and features still  
perfect?

Surely Henry can recognize that  
black dress, with the ivory cross  
dangling from the lacerated neck,  
and the basket—the peculiarly shap-  
ed little workbasket which he had  
once bought as a present for the  
owner.

He loses all command of himself.

He rushes to the spot, shrieking out:  
"My mother! my own mother! I  
have killed her!"

Now they knew that he was the  
cause of the frightful accident.

Somebody spoke—it was Mr. Bar-  
ker.

"Your mother got in the train to  
go to N—, to look for you. Un-  
fortunate young man, what have you  
done?"

He was hung for his crime.

#### The Lost Boy.

The "Boston Traveller" thinks the  
following story a good illustration of  
the way a good many striplings in  
"jacket and trousers" miss their  
"bearings" and their wits:

The pet of a family, residing not  
far from Lagrange street, is a boy  
who has recently passed his fifth year,  
and having just donned his first jacket  
and trousers, is attending a primary  
school. The other afternoon he failed  
to come home at the usual hour, much  
to the alarm of the household, and  
after a long search he was found, some  
time after dark, at the Providence  
depot.

He was sent to bed without much  
explanation, though it is possible his  
treatment was what Solomon would  
have recommended in such an emer-  
gency.

The next morning he was down to  
the breakfast table, evidently none  
the worse for the lesson, and perhaps  
wiser. Taking advantage of a lull  
in the conversation customary at the  
morning meal, he turned his grave  
countenance toward the lady at the  
head of the table, and giving vent to  
his overcharged mind, he exclaimed:

"I'll tell you, mamma, how it hap-  
pened. After school I went part of  
the way home with Mary—, and  
at the corner of a street where she  
left me I kissed her, and she kissed me,  
and then I found I was lost."

There was an explosion around the  
table just at that time. It is sus-  
pected this is not the first young gen-  
tleman who has been lost under simi-  
lar circumstances.

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a  
young dandy to his servant, as he  
had finished dressing. "Elegant,  
Massa; you look bold as a lion."  
"Bold as a lion, Pompey? How do  
you know? You never saw a lion."  
"O yes, Massa; I seed one down to  
Massa Jenk's in his stable." "Down  
to Jenk's, Pompey? Why, you great  
fool! Jenk's has not got a lion that's  
a jacksass!" "Can't help it, Massa;  
you look precisely like him."

In New York City, a few days ago,  
Margaret Elliot, being temporarily  
insane, seized her daughter Jane by  
the throat and strangled her. Her  
husband had been on a strike for  
three weeks and become dispirited.  
This is said to have driven the mother  
crazy.

#### The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

**Rates of Advertising:**  
One square, 10 words, one insertion.....\$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion.....50  
Business cards, 1 inch space, per year \$6.00  
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Displayed advertisements charged by  
the inch.  
All transient advertising must be  
paid for in advance.  
Yearly advertisements payable quar-  
terly in advance.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

A new pair of kids—Twins.

A sound judge—A musical critic.  
Birds of ill omen—The political  
crows.

Mount Vesuvius is said to be a fiery  
old crater.  
"Jimskkated" is the Independent's  
word for stolen.

Lead water should be drank very  
sparingly unless the ice is perfectly  
ripe.

When a woman begins to drink her  
tea without sugar—that's a sympo-  
tom.

Farmers are like fowls—neither  
will get full crops without industry.

A medical individual writes that he  
has seen a dead child in excellent  
spirits at the medical college.

Fortune's hand says a poverty-  
stricken writing-master is remark-  
able for its heavy down-strokes.

A San Francisco man advertises to  
pay "a reasonable price" for Confed-  
erate bonds, to the amount of \$500,000.

The editors of a Western journal  
apologizes for the detention of her  
paper, "because of the arrival of an  
extra mail."

When a woman begins to find fault  
with her looking-glass, and say it  
doesn't show her features right—  
that's a symptom.

Jack Billings says the opera music  
doesn't have any more effect on him  
than castor oil would have on a grav-  
en image.

"Whom the gods would destroy  
they first made mad." Yes, and  
when some men would dye, they get  
madder.

A Georgia editor refuses to support  
Grant or Greeley on the ground that  
it is as much as he can do to support  
himself.

Some young men are a little partial  
to blue-eyed maidens. Others like  
dark-eyed lasses. But the most ad-  
mirers of girls have the most admirers.

Adam Smith defined man as an animal  
that makes bargains; no other  
animal does this—no dog exchanges  
bones with another.

The Typographical Union of Des  
Moines, has offered a silver composing  
stick, valued at \$80, to the fastest  
compositor in the State.

What is the difference between the  
Girl of the period's seat on horseback  
and her gait in walking? One is a  
sidesaddle and the other a sad-sidle.

The pun fiend is again on the wal-  
path. Here is his latest effort: "Why  
is an egg produced in May like a na-  
tive of Malacca? Because it is a May-  
lay."

Mama—"Now take your medicine  
like a good girl, and when you get